

# Jasper Weekly Courier

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**Resting Place.**  
For years Rossini's body rested in Pere Lachaise, and then the bodies of Galilei, Michelangelo, Machiavelli, Alfieri and other great Italians are entombed. Censor was received from the municipality but the master's widow, Don Olympia, would consent to the translation only on condition that when her time came her body might be placed next to that of her husband. This request was bluntly denied, for the reason that only Italians "who had achieved greatness" could rest there. In 1878 the widow died and before her death consented in writing to the removal of her husband's body to Florence, provided her body be placed in the grave from which his would be taken in Pere Lachaise, and after a long time for consideration this was done.

**How Seminoles Bury Their Dead.**  
Seminoles bury their dead on top of the ground after wrapping them in blankets, but always leave the top of the head exposed. They build a pen over the body and usually think it with earth. When his squaw dies the husband wears his shirt until it rots off, which is not strikingly distinctive. When the husband dies the squaw doesn't comb her hair for three months. Little reverence shown for the dead. When the Tiger's grave was robbed and the bones taken for exhibition the cry over the desecration was almost wholly a newspaper affair. The nearest settlers were unalarmed and the Indians indifferent. — Collier's Weekly.

**The Color of Flames.**  
Many people have noticed with much interest the many tinted bars and bands that rise in the shape of "forked tongues of flame" from wood burning in a fire. These colored hues are the result of combustion from the different elements of the fuel. The light blue is from the hydrogen and the white from the carbon. The violet is from the manganese, the red from the magnesium and the yellow from the soda, which are constituent parts of the wood.



The Duck—Your ma is looking every where for you.  
The Chick—Till she's out.

**A Tabloid Fable.**  
A man once collided with an opportunity.  
"Why don't you look where you are going?" growled the man.  
"Don't you recognize me?" asked the opportunity pleasantly.  
"No, and I don't care to. You have trodden on my corns," replied the man as he limped away.  
Moral.—Don't believe the people who say they have never had a chance.—New York Times.

**The Stumped Gladstone.**  
The story is told that at Hawarden one morning little Dorothy Drew refused to get up. When all other means had failed to coax her out of bed Mr. Gladstone was called.  
"Why won't you get up, my child?" he asked.  
"Why, grandfather, didn't you tell me to do what the Bible says?" asked Dorothy.  
"Yes, certainly."  
"Well, it disapproves of early rising," says it's a waste of time.  
Mr. Gladstone knew his Bible better than most men, but he was not equal to Dorothy. For once in his life he was nonplused.  
"You listen, then," went on Dorothy in reply to his exclamation of astonishment, and, turning up her Bible, she read the second verse of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Psalm, laying great emphasis on the first words, "It is vain for you to rise up early."

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**Embarrassing For the Lecturer.**  
Civilized people when they listen to a lecture on some abstruse scientific subject applaud even if they do not understand. But there is evidently more frankness among savages, according to a story told by Captain Guy Burrows. A white man one evening tried to explain to some members of an African tribe, the Mobunghi, the wonders of the steam engine and steamship. He drew diagrams on the sand, and the audience listened and looked with apparently intense interest. At last he asked his hearers whether they understood. "Yes," they replied; they thought they did.  
"There was a deep silence," Captain Burrows said, "for some time, and then a voice in the center of the crowd expressed the unspoken sentiments of the whole assembly in one emphatic word, uttered in a tone of the deepest conviction—'Liar!'"  
Embarrassing for the lecturer—Westminster Gazette.



Two of a Kind.  
First Summer Girl—Who is that clear shaven, handsome boy?  
Second Summer Girl—Oh, he's an actor!  
First Summer Girl—No, I mean the other one.  
Second Summer Girl—Oh, he hasn't any money either.—Punch.

### ENGLISH BEAUTY CUP.

**Weak Tea Invites Sleep and Improves the Complexion.**  
I advise those who consult me upon the tired complexion to indulge in what is called the English beauty cup. Mr. Gladstone took it each night of his life as long as he had health, and it is the cup which keeps many an English beauty going. It is simply tea, but tea made without the nerve destroying attributes. If properly made it invigorates sleep.  
You take half a small coffee spoon of tea, and you scatter it in the bottom of a very large cup. The German coffee cups are best for this purpose. Over this you pour as much boiling, bubbling water as the cup will hold.  
The saucer is placed on the top of the cup in Chinese fashion. Now comes the big wadded tea cozy which must be thrown over all. It is an oddly shaped cozy, made to cover cup and saucer. It stands for five minutes to steep.  
Now comes the scientific part of the cup. You take three very thin slices of lemon, and you lay them in a big hot cup. On top of the slices of lemon you place a big maraschino, and then on top of all you pour in the tea, putting it through a strainer.  
The result will be a fine, weak, hot, but healthful cup of tea with just the right flavor of lemon. You can have sugar if you want it, and Gladstone's rule of three big lumps will do you no harm, for sugar is a great builder up of the muscles.  
By the way, if you are fagged out, day or night, try eating a little sugar. A lump of sugar will restore the stomach and take away that tired feeling. Sugar is recommended to women whose cheeks are hollow. It has a way of building up tissue.  
A big cup of tea at night is excellent, but the trouble is that most persons make it too strong. The weaker the better. The same is true of coffee, which, if taken weak enough and with plenty of good sugar, acts as a nightcap. Not one person in a thousand can make it right. In Paris the French beauty takes her foaming cup of whipped chocolate after the theater with a biscuit, or she sips her cafe au lait, which is mostly milk. — London American Review.

**Mag—Billy, I regrets ter say dat your engagement has got ter be broke off.**  
Billy—Wot's de trouble now?  
Mag—Me ma won't leave me wearin' ring no more, 'cos it makes my finger black.—Leslie's Weekly.

**The Nature of the Beast.**  
Mrs. Gunson was entertaining a visitor when Nora appeared at the door of the drawing room.  
"Praise, mum, will yez tell me phat yez want done wid th' oyster shells yez left from lunch?" she inquired.  
"I want them thrown away, of course," replied Mrs. Gunson.  
"Yis, mum. But Oi didn't know phere to throw them," replied Nora. "Do they be ashes or jarbridge?" — Judge.

**Yearning For Light.**  
"When it comes to consuming gas in large quantities blind people can beat their seeing brethren all hollow," said an inspector of the gas company. "I know two families where both husband and wife are blind. Every jet is turned on full tilt in their homes at night and is kept going at that rate clear up to 12 o'clock. Light and darkness are all the same to the afflicted ones, but they insist upon illumination brilliant enough for a reception. And that partiality for light is not a whim peculiar to those two couples. Most blind people feel that way. They demand the light, and in all private homes and institutions where the blind are cared for the gas bills vouch for the strange fancy." — Exchange.



**The Vacation Season.**  
Wife—You run on in front, John, and get the tickets.  
Bruce's Mother.  
The inspector was examining standard 1 and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master, "Don't answer unless you are asked certain your answer is correct."  
History was the subject.  
"Now, tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"  
He pointed to the top boy, then around the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.  
"Well," my boy," said the inspector encouragingly, "who was she?"  
"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."



Outlate (returning to his hotel at 2 a. m. and mistaking his room)—Good gracious, I must be in bed already! Here are my feet.—Pete Mele.

**Buttermilk a Life Saver.**  
A French medical man advises people to drink buttermilk for long life. He says that the lactic acid dissolves every sort of earthy deposit in the blood vessels, keeping the veins and arteries so supple and free running that there can be no clogging up, and hence there is no deposit of chalky matter around the joints or of poisonous waste in the muscles. It is the stiffening and hardening of the blood vessels which bring on old age. Buttermilk is likely to postpone it ten or twenty years if freely drunk. A quart a day should be the minimum, the maximum according to taste and opportunity.



At the Zoo—Good gracious! How heavy my barrow is today.—Von Vlast.

### THE SEEING TELEPHONE.

**What May Happen When Fowler's Invention Is in Daily Use.**  
You have probably heard the story of the absentminded man at the telephone answering the inquiry of the friend who had forgotten his umbrella. "Is this it?" he shouted, holding the rain defter to the mouthpiece of the phone. This absentminded man was a prophet, as well as an unconscious humorist, for it won't be long, they say, before he can see umbrellas and all sorts of things over the wire. The device which is expected to accomplish this miracle is called the televue. It was invented by J. B. Fowler of Portland, Ore., and has already been tested with success over a distance of 6,000 feet. Preliminary patents have been issued in Washington.  
The televue looks very much like an ordinary telephone. On the cabinet are

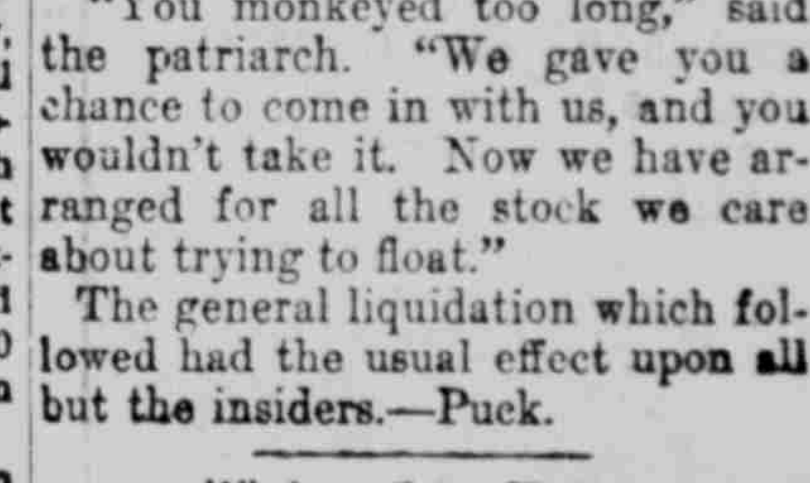


**MISS ROSE FOWLER AND THE TELEVIEW.**  
a glass six inches in diameter, before which the talker stands, and a receiving plate one and three-quarters inches across, in which the transmitted image appears. This smaller disk is close to the mouthpiece, so that the user of the phone may see the person at the other end of the wire and talk with him at the same time. Inside the box are an extra induction coil and two more batteries than in an ordinary telephone. The visual image is transmitted in the form of a photograph, and the working of the apparatus is said to depend "upon the variations in the electrical resistance of a ribbon of selenium produced by variations in the intensity of a beam of light impinging upon it."  
What a boon to the busy housewife the televue should prove! No more buying of undersized or sickly vegetables over the phone, for the grocer will have to hold each one to the glass. Madam may even order her bonnet by wire and watch it progress to perfection by merely calling up the battery from time to time. Street car companies will be driven to the verge of bankruptcy and dry goods stores will be converted into vast telephone exchanges.

**Kinglake Stories.**  
Kinglake, the author of "Eothen," was afflicted with gout, and he had a fancy to try a lady doctor and wrote to one to ask if gout was beyond her scope. She replied, "Dear sir, gout is not beyond my scope, but men are."  
It was Kinglake who uttered one of the neatest of mots on the peculiar character of the Times. He had little fondness for that journal, in spite of personal friendships which might have been expected to soften his views of the question. The paper was still to him a sort of juggernaut, irresistible and fateful. On seeing the announcement of the new editor's marriage he exclaimed: "Heavens! That brings the Times into relations with humanity!"  
Lytaute—So poor Jones, the toryman, has gone out of his mind!  
Strypres—Yes. He had been busy for three months on a mechanical ramp, and he couldn't get it to work. — Ally Sloper.

**A Lively Chill.**  
The old time dandy had a great admiration for high sounding words and phrases. He also had a deep respect for a man who has the boldness to devise innovations of speech.  
"I jes tell you Massa Rawson has a pow'ful control ob language," said one old plantation negro thoughtfully on his return from a neighborly call. "I 'spect to learn something ebery time I hear him talk. He was telling Major Williams 'bout his wife being taken sick after dat dog bite she had, an' 'stead ob saying in respects to her shaking fit she had dat she 'shook like she had de ager,' same as most folks would say, what figur' is you 'sposin' he used?"  
"I dunno," said the old man's wife sulkily from the ironing board. "He said she 'shook like an ash pan.' Dat's his figur', an' I ain't gwine forget it." — Youth's Companion.

**At the Flood.**  
Hearing of a rising river at the headwaters of the Euphrates, with a falling barometer and indications of a flood in the valley, the Pithecanthropos changed his mind and frankly admitted it to Noah. His manner was that of a chastened and softened person.  
"You monkeyed too long," said the patriarch. "We gave you a chance to come in with us, and you wouldn't take it. Now we have arranged for all the stock we care about trying to float."  
The general liquidation which followed had the usual effect upon all but the insiders.—Puck.



**Wisdom of the Young.**  
"I never saw such a child! You don't seem to know enough to come home!"  
"Well, dat's just wot ma says about you!" — New York World.

**Jenner as an Eater.**  
Dr. Jenner, the famous English physician, was a great tea drinker and very abstemious, never taking any stimulant except a measured glass of brandy when he had indigestion. Once for that cause he lived on stewed chops and rice for luncheon and dinner, with tea, for a couple of years, but ordinarily he was a great feeder.  
"I recollect," said his friend, Dr. Cooper Bentham, "on one occasion Reynolds came to see him. Jenner was at dinner. He had soup, fish, the greater part of a chicken, and he was in the middle of a huge rice pudding when Reynolds entered and asked him how he was. Jenner drew a pitiful sigh and replied, 'I am not at all well—no appetite.'"



The Progressive Rooster and the Proverb.  
Unless this alarm clock fails me, here's where I get the best of "the early bird and the worm" proposition! — New York Sun.

**The Prince of Grumblers.**  
When Mr. Beeton asked if he did not find many unreasonable people among his summer boarders Farmer Joy quickly assented.  
"Lots an' lots are never satisfied anyway," he said. "No matter what's done for 'em there'll always be something wrong somewhere."  
"Now, last summer," he went on, with a gleaming eye, "we had a man here that was so fond of grumblin' that one day he actually called for a toothpick after he'd had a glass of milk!" — Youth's Companion.



In a Way.  
"The baby ees learning so French, res, madame."  
"He's learned the gestures anyway." — Harper's Weekly.